

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1869.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY
CONCERT AND AFTERNOON PROMENADE (Last but one). Symphony, No. 1, in E (A. S. Sullivan); Pianoforte Concerto, No. 4, in G major (Beethoven); Overture, "Les Deux Journées" (Cherubini); and "Hermann and Dorothea" (Schumann). Vocalists—Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Edward Murray. Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé. Conductor, Mr. Manns.
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SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—
Conductor, Mr. COSTA. FRIDAY NEXT, APRIL 16th, MENDELSSOHN'S "ELIJAH."—Eleventh (Extra) Subscription and Last Concert this Season.—Principal Vocalists—Miss Arabella Smyth, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Lander. Band and Chorus 100. Tickets, 2s., 3s.; Numbered Stalls, 5s., 10s. 6d., 21s. Offices: 14 and 15, Exeter Hall (First Floor).

EXETER HALL.—MENDELSSOHN NIGHT.—
TUESDAY, April 20th, "HYMN OF PRAISE" and "WALFURGIS NIGHT."—NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY. Conductor—Mr. G. W. MARTIN. Principal Vocalists—Miss Arabella Smyth, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Lander. Band and Chorus 100. Tickets, 2s., 3s.; Numbered Stalls, 5s., 10s. 6d., 21s. Offices: 14 and 15, Exeter Hall (First Floor).

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—MILIE. ILMA DE MURSKA
(by permission of the Directors of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden), at the FIRST NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERT of the Season, WEDNESDAY EVENING, April 14th, at Three o'clock. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., 3s., 2s., 1s. To be had at St. George's Hall, Langham Place; at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall; and at the Musicellers'.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC
CONCERTS.—THE FIRST CONCERT of the Season, WEDNESDAY EVENING, April 14th, 1869, at Three o'clock; the Public Rehearsal of which will take place on Saturday Afternoon, April 10th, at Half-past Two o'clock. Vocalist, Milie. Ilma de Murska (by permission of the Directors of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden); Pianist, Madame Arabella Goddard; Clarinet, Mr. Lazarus. Programme of the Concert:—Part I.—Overture, "Feniska" (Cherubini); Concerto, in D minor for clarinet and orchestra (Molique)—Clarinet, Mr. Lazarus; Aria (Mozart), Milie. Ilma de Murska; Symphony, "Ereos" (Beethoven)—first movement, Allegro con brio—second movement, Adagio assai—third movement, Scherzo allegro vivace e trio—fourth movement, Allegro molto. Part II.—Concerto, in A minor, for pianoforte and orchestra (Hummel)—Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard; Aria (Meyerbeer), Milie. Ilma de Murska; March (Mendelssohn). Conductor, Professor WYLDIE, Mus. Doc. Tickets for the Public Rehearsal (Reserved Stalls), 7s.; other tickets, 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s.; Tickets for the Concert (Reserved Stalls), 10s. 6d.; other tickets, 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s.

BEEHIVEN ROOMS, 27, HARLEY STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

MISS CLINTON FYNES has the honour to announce to her Friends, Pupils, and the Public, that she will give THREE PIANOFORTE RECITALS, which will take place on WEDNESDAY EVENING, April 21st, 1869, to commence at Eight o'clock; WEDNESDAY MORNING, May 19th, and WEDNESDAY MORNING, June 9th, to commence at Three o'clock precisely; on which occasions she will be assisted by the following Artists:—Vocalists: Milie. Clara Doria, Miss Jenny Pratt, and Miss Edith Wynne; Mr. Stanley Bettemann, Mr. W. H. Tilla, and Mr. Vernon Rigby. Instrumentalists: Violin, Mr. Henry Blagrove; Violoncello, Mr. W. H. Ayward; Clarinet, Mr. Lazarus; and Pianoforte, Miss Clinton Fynes. Conductor—Mr. G. H. Robinson.
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HERR CARL HAUSE begs to announce that his EVENING CONCERT will take place on THURSDAY, April 16th, to commence at Eight o'clock, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square.

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MR. W. H. TILLA (Pupil of Signor SANGIOVANNI, Maestro di Canto del Conservatoire, Milano) has the honour to announce that he will give a

GRAND EVENING CONCERT,

TUESDAY, 20th APRIL,

(And will sing for the first time in St. James's Hall since his arrival from Italy) on which occasion he will be assisted by the following Artists:—

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All letters respecting engagements to be addressed to care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY (Baritone) will sing at the Crystal Palace, THIS DAY (April 10th); Barnsbury, 13th; Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, 21st; and at the Horns, Kennington, 29th. All letters respecting Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, &c., to be addressed to the care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

MISS BESSIE EMMETT (Soprano). All communications respecting engagements with his Pupil, Miss BESSIE EMMETT, to be addressed to Mr. J. TENNIELL CALKIN, 12, Oakley Square, N.W.

MISS BESSIE EMMETT will sing BENEDICT's popular song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at St. James's Hall, April 12th.

MISS FANNY ARMYTAGE will sing Herr CARL HAUSE's new song, "SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP," at the Composer's Concert, Hanover Square Rooms, April 15th.

MISS THEED respectfully informs the Nobility and Gentry that she continues to give instruction in Singing and the Pianoforte, at her own residence, or at the houses of pupils.—5, Duke Street, Portland Place, W.

MISS EDITH WYNNE will sing at St. James's Hall (Mr. W. H. Tilla's grand concert), April 20th, BENEDICT's popular Ballad, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," and WELLINGTON GURNEY's admired song, "THE SPRING" (specially composed for her).

MISS MABEL BRENT will sing the popular Ballad, "A DAY TOO LATE" (composed by Milie. ROSE HAUSE), April 13th, at Islington; 17th, Greenwich; 26th, Burdett Hall, Poplar. Published, price 3s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MISS EDITH WYNNE will sing WELLINGTON GURNEY's new and popular Ballad, "THE SPRING," at Miss Clinton Fynes' Third Pianoforte Recital.

MRS. HALE (of the London Ballad Concerts), Pupil of Signor COSTA and Professor BENNETT, will sing at the Town Hall, Birmingham, Thursday, April 22nd; and is open to Engagements as Vocalist or Pianist at Concerts, &c., during the ensuing Season. Address: 6, Manor View, Brixton Road, S.

HERR SCHUBERTH'S QUARTET PARTY.—
VIOLINS—HERR JOSEF LUDWIG (Pupil of JOACHIM), and HERR YUNG
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SCHUBERTH. Can be Engaged for Concerts, Solirés, etc., on application to the
Secretary of the Schubert Society, 27, Harley Street; or care of Messrs. D. DAVISON
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MDLLE. JULIE LESCA (the new Soprano) will sing
at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, April 27th; St. George's Hall, May
4th. Letters respecting Engagements for Concerts, etc., to be addressed care of
Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MDLLE. ROSE HERSEE will sing her new song, "A
DAY TOO LATE," at the Eyre Arms, THIS DAY (April 10th); Clapham,
12th; Westbourne Hall, 13th; Southampton, 16th; Islington, 21st; Store Street
Rooms, 28th; Hanover Square Rooms, 28th; Myddelton Hall, May 7th; Hackney,
11th.

MDLLE. ROSE HERSEE begs to acquaint her Friends
and Pupils that she is now free to accept engagements for Oratorios, Concerts,
Lessons, etc.—22, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MDLLE. CLARA DORIA will sing BENEDICT's new
song, "MINE, THOU ART MINE" (for the first time), and W. VINCENT
WALLACE's "SONG OF MAY," at Miss Clinton Fynes' Pianoforte Recital, Wed-
nesday Evening, April 21st.

MR. STANLEY BETJEMANN will sing ASCHER's
popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU!" on the 21st of
April, at Miss Clinton Fynes' Pianoforte Recital.

MR. ARTHUR KENTCHEN (Baritone) will be at
liberty to accept Engagements for Oratorios, Ballad Concerts, etc., after
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MR. ADOLPHE GANZ begs to announce that he still
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lishers, 244, Regent Street; or at Mr. A. GANZ's residence, 37, Golden Square.

"OF THEE I THINK."

HERR REICHARDT will introduce a new song of his
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MUSICAL LETTERS BY DR. FERDINAND HILLER.
NEW SERIES.*

II.

(Continued from page 212.)

These phenomenal effects of music are frequently disputed by men of clear intellect, who feel it a necessity to account for everything. If they once possess the foundation of words, which, in musical drama, by well defined individuality, situation, and so on, are even more significant than usual, they feel secure. The relation of the melody to the words is made the principal object of their consideration; they deduce, in the first place, from the agreement which they discover between the words and the melody the enjoyment procured them by the music, and, having once obtained a firm foundation, carry over into the music whatever feelings are excited thereby in their own mind. This is the course pursued by Gervinus. He laughs, with justice, at all the capricious and frequently contradictory explanations and interpretations put forth of Beethoven's Symphonies—and yet what meanings does he himself not imagine in the airs of Handel!

Words are connected with tone in the most various ways. From the simplest recitative, set in tones that are half spoken, to a chorus by Bach, or an operatic *finale*, what a series is there of different combinations! But it is only in recitative, whether it is presented independently, or merely interrupts a regular vocal piece by an exclamation, that the text can affect the hearer with the same force as the music. Immediately music appears in its full power, it leaves language, otherwise so omnipotent, far behind. The proof, unfortunately, we are almost tempted to say, is only too near at hand. If we set, the worst poem can scarcely diminish our delight in the music, but wearisome music cannot even prop up the greatest poetical masterpiece. What trifling interest is excited by the text of an oratorio when read; we can scarcely understand how it could supply a composer of genius with the materials for music which fills ear, heart, and soul during hours together. Nay, more; in the majority of cases, it is impossible for the hearer to grasp the words and the melody simultaneously. The conventional sounds of which a spoken sentence consists, must be uttered in tolerably rapid succession, in order that, being held together by the memory, they may attain to intelligibility in the mind. Music, however, seizes the hearer with the first tone, and carries him onward with itself, without affording him the time, or even the possibility, of going over again what he has already heard. If, therefore, the words are not sung in the *tempo* of spoken language, we can scarcely get at them. It is this fact, far more than the indistinct pronunciation of so many singers, which has given rise to the custom of *reading* the text—a surrogate in which we invoke the aid of the eye for what is intended for the ear, and which is employed only in the case of music, to which, after the sense of the words has been quietly mastered, our twofold attention is directed.

But words when combined with melody are not merely inferior to the latter in the effect produced; they have to limit and restrict their entire sphere, in order to render the union possible, besides being exposed to many a little bit of ill usage from the music. Such, for instance, is the repetition—of itself perfectly useless—of separate words and sentences, a repetition frequently indispensable, especially in the most important passages, though not so often as it actually occurs. In the same way it is of vital necessity for the development of the musical thought that the tones should dwell upon words which by their signification do not merit this stress (though accent which is *antagonistic* to the sense is not to be pardoned in a composer). I will give an illustrious example. The most celebrated air in the *Messiah* commences with the threefold repetition of the words: "Ich weiss dass mein Erlöser lebt, und dass Er am letzten Tage auf der Erde erscheinen wird."† The *melismata* which are more spun out than any others in the noble strain occur upon the words, "Tage" and "Erde." Who cares? Everyone is filled with the loftiness of the melody, with its intensity and dignity, with its blessed spirit of confidence, and with the broad flow with which it rolls onwards.

It is not by following in the track of the "accent of the emotions," as conveyed in the words given to him, that the musician

can succeed in musical creations—the course he has to pursue is an essentially different course. The words, if he would produce aught worth anything, must, as it were, affect him electrically, their purport must produce in him a musical picture which, for him at least, shall be homogeneous. To realize this clearly and fully he sets in action all his intellectual powers, all his artistic resources. How the musical thought grasps the words, half guided by, and half employing them for its own ends, in something that can no more be quite clearly explained than any other act of intellectual creation. The great difference, however, existing between this musical conception of music and its literary conception, is that in vocal music, as well as any other, we do not recognize anything as a genuine piece of music unless it proves itself such even when stripped of the words. Its essential purport must lie in the value, in the beauty of the musical thoughts, in the way in which they are turned to account, and in which they mutually permeate each other. It is true that there are magnificent specimens of recitative, and there are, also, recitative-like songs, which possess great value, and do not fail to produce their effect, although they sprang immediately from the words. But even these, however admirably declaimed, must be capable of being joined to other words, without suffering any very great injury musically—in the contrary case, there is not much in them.

Is this tantamount to asserting that all we praise in a piece of music, when we declare it, in relation to the *text*, to be expressive, characteristic, picturesque, dramatic, &c., is of no importance? Of a truth, no! The task of making certain personages, in certain situations, sing certain words in such a manner that everyone shall feel convinced that they could not, and ought not, to sing in any other, is one of the highest tasks assigned to music. But the clearness, force, and variety of musical invention ought here to be taken as our guide much rather than what is called truthfulness of expression,—for, with respect to the latter, people often yield to the greatest delusions.

Numerous examples of this are to be found in Gervinus's book. Before proceeding, however, to discuss them, I will say a word or two concerning instrumental music. In corroboration of his views as to want of purport in instrumental music, Gervinus quotes a number of opinions, more or less contradictory, and sometimes very preposterous, collected from all kinds of periodicals and books, for he is wonderfully at home in musical literature. But what is this to prove? We should soon agree on the nature of instrumental music, if we were once agreed on the nature of music generally. Music is always music—there is good and bad, empty and expressive, profound and frivolous, whether it be sung or whether it be played. It is not a harmonic body which poetry first endows with a soul—it is all soul, and assumes the words as a body by which feeble eyes may recognize it. The assertion advanced by some aestheticizing court-musician or other that Beethoven intended by the *finale* of the Ninth Symphony to convey that only words and song free music, is also quoted. Why did Beethoven not say as much? He sings, "Friends, not these tones; let us strike up others more agreeable and more cheerful," why not? Let us have recourse to the words of the poet? This capricious fiction of Beethoven's denying himself should be once for all discarded. It has the less sense, from the fact that after the Ninth Symphony Beethoven wrote his last Quartets. That he entertained an idea of a tenth symphony as well as of a grand overture is not merely proved by his note-books; I heard him say so with his own lips, when I saw him lying on his last bed of sickness.

Gervinus is afraid that instrumental music, especially in Germany, fosters giddiness of feeling. May I ask if certain love songs which play so great a part in the world of young girls, and of Male Vocal Associations, offer better fare? That more mischief can be produced by bad texts, than by musical compositions, no matter of what kind, is, however, a fact admitted by Gervinus himself. If now, on the one hand, it cannot be, and is not, denied that a highly poetical subject is capable of guiding music to the highest things, apart from the interest consequent upon its connection with the poetry, it cannot, on the other hand, be denied that vocal music possesses nothing which, looking at it as a pure and perfect work of art, is to be compared with the masterpieces of instrumental music. In this, music lives entirely according to its own laws! In the other case, it has to make many sacrifices for the poetry, while it is not at liberty to maintain its entire

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

† "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The writer refers, of course, to the German text.—TRANSLATOR.

dignity, to display all its riches. The reproach addressed by Gervinus to "*Spielmusik*" ("playing-music") of existing only for a few, is at once refuted by everyday experience, but if this were not the case, it would prove nothing. How many of the most splendid productions of human fancy and art are accessible to only a few? The receipts from a public exhibition of Michael Angelo's Prophets and Sybils would scarcely be very large. Is Goethe's *Iphigenie* a popular work? But the Sonatas and Symphonies of our great masters have entranced thousands and thousands, even though the æsthetic key to them may not yet have been found. Men have revived and invigorated themselves, ever since they have existed, with a draught of fresh water, without dreaming that the latter consisted of hydrogen and oxygen gas. We hardly know how to explain even life itself, and yet we find it sometimes a very pleasant thing.

The best and the worst part of the book which we are now considering, and which contains such a superabundance of matter, is the author's love for Handel. It is almost touching to see how he has investigated the works of this master in every possible way; it is sometimes diverting to hear what he deduces from, and what he attributes to, him; but it is depressing to mark the contempt with which he treats those composers who, in the opinion of the entire musical world, are equal, or superior, to Handel. Like the mother of a *prima donna*, he is not merely extravagant in his praise of him whose champion he is, but he omits no opportunity of attacking others possessing equal rights, and dealing them a sometimes rather insidious blow. Nothing is too trivial for him to rake up, if it can only serve to glorify Handel and weaken his rivals. The natural result is, that he excites people to oppose and to attack his hero, who always had regarded the latter with reverence, and unwillingly noticed his weaknesses, as, for instance, the writer of these lines.

In the section "Music, the Language of the Feelings," which displays an astounding power of analysis and style, this sharp-sighted writer runs, with genuine virtuosity, through the scales of our sensations and affections, their modifications, and their combinations. It is a strange fact! Great and almost intoxicating as is the store of the gradations of the feelings passed in review before us, we feel that it vanishes before the treasures that music contains within itself, and we can but seldom find the most delicately-calculated combinations of descriptive language completely equal to a piece of music. They are, at one and the same time, too sharp and too weak for it. Gervinus gives, however, as it were, to every kind and description of feeling an example, an illustrated picture out of Handel's works. We cannot reason with the commentator when he reads musically from an air what is contained verbally in it, though we may feel convinced that a song which expresses to him, in the clearest possible manner, quiet love, would, with other words, convey to him a notion of humble piety. But are there sufficient grounds for the comprehensive significance which Gervinus attributes to Handel's airs, when he asserts that it would be worse for music if we lost his airs than if we lost his choruses? How few will answer this question in the affirmative!

(To be continued.)

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Madame Adelina Patti is said to be engaged to sing at a series of 16 summer concerts for two months. She is to receive forty thousand roubles.

BERGEN.—A lamentable event took place last month. Herr Ernst Haberthier, pianist, from Königsberg, gave a concert, which was exceedingly well attended. He had played the first piece announced on the programme, and was playing the second, when he had an apoplectic fit, and fell forward upon the keyboard, a corpse.

LIEGE.—Madame Adelina Patti appeared here on the 24th ult., but, owing to the fact that the performance took place on *Jeu-Saint* (the eve of Good Friday) the theatre was not so crowded as at her former appearance, the inhabitants being generally very strict Catholics. The opera selected was *Il Barbiere*, in which Madame Patti was rapturously applauded. The audience were no less delighted with her singing of an air interpolated from *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, as well as with a sort of Canzonetta, bearing some resemblance to the "Eclat de Rire" of her sister, Carlotta. Madame Patti concluded the performance with the duet from *Crispin e la Comare*, in which her dancing afforded almost as much gratification as her singing. There were showers of bouquets throughout the evening.

THE WELSH HARP.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—I was much pleased to see the letter of our eminent composer, Mr. Brinley Richards, on the subject of the Welsh Harp in your last. He laments the neglect of the *Triple Harp*, and is not able to fathom the causes which have led to the general desuetude into which the national instrument has fallen. His determination to do all in his power to rescue the venerable harp from the oblivion into which it is declining is most praiseworthy, and I trust will be seconded by those who have the power to render the instrument as popular as it was in the time of Handel.

There are, however, some causes which have contributed to the decline of the instrument, one of which is its not being suitable for large and crowded halls or music rooms, where, in common with other harps, it suffers from the condensed atmosphere caused by a large audience. This is one of the reasons why the triple harp is giving way to the harmonium and pianoforte.

The case must have been different in the bygone ages alluded to by Mr. Brinley Richards when the harp had not to appear before over-crowded audiences, but was heard chiefly in the well-ventilated and well-aired halls of those who kept their harper as an essential part of a gentleman's establishment. Such harper being permitted to devote his spare time to the instruction of others upon whose shoulders his mantle should descend when he was gathered to his fathers; and thus the quaint, simple, and exquisitely sweet music of the harp was perpetuated from generation to generation without any competitors save the spinnet, the clavichord, and the harpsichord, neither of which could ever approach its musical sweetness or delicacy of expression.

This brings me to what I consider one of the principal causes which Mr. Brinley Richards is "not able to fathom," and which must somehow or other be remedied ere the triple harp can ever regain its popularity, viz., the lack of really competent teachers to instruct young persons anxious to acquire a perfect knowledge of the instrument. There are, I may venture to assert, *ten thousand* teachers of the pianoforte to one of the Welsh harp. I have been informed of ladies possessing talents of a very superior order as musicians, endeavouring to obtain instruction upon the Welsh harp in the metropolis, but in vain, as they encountered the same stern fact as stated by Mr. Brinley Richards, "*that neither the instrument nor the harper could be met with even in so large a city as London*," with its three millions of inhabitants and its tens of thousands of ardent lovers of music; whilst for the pedal harp and pianoforte there was no lack of the most talented professors. These ladies had, therefore, to look to Wales, the birthplace and cradle of the triple harp, and fared not much better, for there could be found only one here or there whose playing was above mediocrity, whilst the very few surviving *real Welsh* harpers of acknowledged excellence were otherwise engaged, so that their services could not be obtained.

The Abergavenny Cymreigyddion Society did much to encourage the extension of the use of the Welsh Harp, by giving as prizes well made triple harps. I believe five or six of such instruments were triennially bestowed, but what were those to supply the musical wants of the Principality, or even of the manufacturing districts of South Wales, where the use of the instrument still lingers.

Much credit is, however, due to the conductors of the above, now defunct, society for their efforts to revive the use of the Welsh harp, and if the council of the *National Eisteddfod* had evinced their *nationality* in a similar manner, we should, perhaps, not have to deplore the prospect of the entire disuse of the instrument. I hope it is not too late even now for them to come to the rescue, not only in the mode adopted at Abergavenny, and now proposed and strongly recommended by Mr. Brinley Richards, but also by the establishment and encouragement of some really competent teachers in the metropolis and elsewhere, and by the manufacturing of good, plain triple harps such as might be sold for £8 or £10 and upwards, and procurable with as much ease as a pianoforte, but at half its price, in order to supply the pupils with instruments. For, with even the drawbacks of limited power, constant tuning and the breakage of strings with changes of weather, the triple harp possesses advantages, especially for the performance of *unisons* such as no other instrument can produce.

I would rejoice to see the use of the triple harp restored to the halls of the great and the drawing-rooms of the upper and middle classes—to make it, what it is well calculated to become, a family instrument, gladdening and cheering the social circle with its soul-inspiring tones, and played as a triple harp ought to be, without any attempt at meretricious and fantastic effects, which do not belong to the national Welsh harp music. For even to an educated musician there is a peculiar charm in the quaint primitiveness of all *national music*, and very interesting to the historian as a specimen of music depending not alone on national tradition, but also on the singular effects arising from the music itself.

Even, in a musical point of view, I may add, that the claim of the triple harp is pre-eminent as an accompaniment to vocal music owing to the sweet and delicate expression which can be given to its tones by a tolerably skilful performer, ranging from the gentlest breathings of angelic unisons vibrating distinctly amongst its chords, to the most spirited bursts of soul-stirring martial strains.—Yours, &c.,

Tom, Llandovery, March 31, 1869.

WILLIAM REES.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Since the opening night *Rigoletto*, *Fidelio*, and three other operas have been given. In *Rigoletto* one of the characters was sustained by a leading member of Mr. Gye's company. Mdlle. Vanzini, who came out last April as Oscar in the *Ballo in Maschera*, and subsequently was entrusted with characters of higher importance, including among the rest the heroine in Signor Verdi's best opera, was the Gilda of the evening, and in many respects a very worthy representative of the part. Though her voice is not powerful or rich in quality it is a legitimate soprano of high range, over which its possessor, by dint of persevering study, has been able to obtain a fair amount of control. In short, while with no pretensions to be called a great singer, Mdlle. Vanzini has qualities that should make her more than acceptable when great singers are not within call. Her appearance, moreover, is prepossessing; she is easy and graceful in her stage deportment, and her acting is marked by unquestionable intelligence. All this was recognized last summer, and we saw no reason the other night to modify our early and favourable opinion. Mdlle. Vanzini's most successful efforts were in the soliloquy, in which Gilda fondly dwells upon the assumed name of her imagined lover—"Caro nome," which, but for the prolonged shake at the end, would have been unexceptionable; in the duet at the Palace of the Duke, where, after her forced abduction, the daughter is restored to the arms of her distracted father, to whom she confides the history of her secret amour, and in the no less strikingly dramatic than ingeniously constructed quartet of the last scene, where, through a chink in the door of Sparafucile's house, the unhappy girl becomes an unwilling witness to her lover's perfidy. But her performance generally was good; and if there was nothing to surprise, or even greatly to move, there was little, if anything, to provoke critical animadversion. Mdlle. Vanzini was frequently and deservedly applauded. The other lady was Mdlle. Scalchi, whose fine contralto voice and executive facility were but slightly taxed by the music assigned to the bravo's sister, Maddelena. The bravo himself was represented—not by our old acquaintance, Signor Tagliafico, long recognized as the "Sparafucile of Sparafuciles," but by Mr. Mapleson's excellent young bass, Signor Foli, against whose impersonation not a single objection could reasonably be urged. The part, though small in comparison, demands a genuine artist to make it effective, and Signor Foli has shown himself to be a genuine artist under circumstances of far greater responsibility. Signor Mongini, who played the amorous Duke of Mantua, gave all his music with the energy and spirit to which he has accustomed us, and was especially successful in "La donna è mobile"—that gross libel on the gentle sex which could have found no utterance except from the mouth of a snarling cynic or a confirmed profligate. With such vigorous animation was this popular air declaimed by the large-voiced Italian tenor that the whole audience called upon him to repeat it, which he did, as a matter of course. Another encore, scarcely less emphatic, was evoked by the quartet already named, generally well sung by Mdlles. Vanzini and Scalchi, Signor Mongini, and Mr. Santley. The *Rigoletto* of our popular English baritone may now justly be pronounced unrivalled. It is not merely from first to last an admirable piece of singing, but a scarcely less admirable piece of acting—wanting, indeed, but little to make it irreproachable, and encouraging a belief that the little which is wanted will speedily be acquired. The progress made by Mr. Santley in the histrionic department of his calling is worth pointing to as a sign of what may be done by honest industry, allied to a naturally strong intelligence. When Mr. Santley first appeared on the Italian lyric stage he had already won and merited high position as a singer; but as an actor he seemed to lack almost every essential requisite. He has contrived, however, by slow and sure degrees, carefully feeling his way step by step, to remedy in a great measure his failings in this respect, and those who have watched his improvement with interest see no reason for believing that he is likely, even now, to stand still, content with what he has achieved. How Mr. Santley sings the music of *Rigoletto* we have said already, and need not say again. We can imagine nothing in its way more perfect. His expression in "Veglia, o donna, questo fiore," is equalled by his impassioned utterances in the scene where the bereaved Jester pathetically implores the mocking courtiers to give him back his daughter—and so on, avoiding superfluous details, to the very end. The general execution of *Rigoletto* on this occasion left something to desire; but a new conductor, Signor Li Calci, was in the orchestra, and it would by no means be just to found a decided opinion of his capacity for so very responsible an office upon one, and that one, so far as our own experience goes, his first endeavour.

Fidelio, on Saturday night, drew an audience which, to judge by the look of the house, outnumbered the audiences brought by *Norma* and *Rigoletto* put together. Signor Arditì was now once more at the head of the orchestra, and the execution of the overture (the magnificent *Leonora* No. 3) was so fine that the audience called for it again, with such unmistakable enthusiasm that, long as it is, it had to be repeated

from the first note of the introduction to the end of the *allegro*. The entire performance, however, instrumental and vocal, was of the very best, the value of the newly-organized chorus being convincingly demonstrated in the wonderful episode of the temporarily enfranchised prisoners (which, by the way, did not get "a hand" of applause), and the prodigious *finale* of the second act, nothing less grand and inspiring than which could possibly have prevented the unequalled scene of the dungeon, immediately preceding it, from being other than an anticlimax, seeing that the dramatic interest culminates with the duet between Florestan and Leonora-Fidelio—at once his deliverer and faithful wife. Mdlle. Tietjens, having completely recovered from her indisposition, gave one of her noblest representations of Fidelio, her performance of which sublime character, however, is too well known to make it necessary that we should dwell in detail upon any part of it. Enough that the lady to whom for years we are exclusively indebted for occasional representations of Beethoven's one dramatic work (to say nothing of Cherubini's *Medea*, Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauride*, and other masterpieces), has rarely done more to prove that, while she is in possession of her exceptional means, *Fidelio* must still, of necessity, form part of the operatic repertory. The Florestan of the evening was Signor Bulterini (one of Mr. Mapleson's most recent importations), a gentleman who owns a powerful tenor voice, which by husbanding a little more carefully he might use to much better purpose. He sang too loudly from first to last, and thus missed an opportunity of impressing the audience with Florestan's impassioned soliloquy in the dungeon scene. Otherwise he was correct enough and had fairly acquainted himself with the music. A more satisfactory Don Pizarro than Mr. Santley, as we have had frequent occasions of declaring, is not now to be named. No one since the late Staudigl in his prime has sung the music so well, and even Staudigl in his prime did not sing it better. In the small but by no means unimportant character of Marcellina Mdlle. Sinico was, as she never fails to be, perfect; and in Mr. Charles Lyall she enjoyed the co-operation of a Jacquino, who not only knows the music thoroughly, but gives significance to the part by acting alike unobtrusive and sensible. Signor Foli, as times go, is perhaps as good a Rocco as could be chosen, and Signor Campi is more than respectable as the Minister, who does not appear until the last *finale*. Besides the overture, the exquisite quartet in the first scene (Mdlles. Tietjens and Sinico, Signor Foli, and Mr. Lyall) was encored and repeated, while after the great scene of the dungeon—the quartet, the deliverance of Florestan by the intervention of Leonora with a loaded pistol, and the rapturous duet between the devoted pair, once more united—Mdlle. Tietjens, Signor Bulterini, Signor Foli, and Mr. Santley had to appear before the lamps to be newly and warmly applauded. The opera was listened to throughout with an interest that could not be misunderstood. It was wise on the part of the management to produce it thus early, inasmuch as when the wandering stars who are the chief attractions of the "fashionable" season have arrived Beethoven and his *Fidelio* must perforce be laid aside.

The opera on Monday was *Il Trovatore*. What about *Il Trovatore*? Thus much and no more:—Mdlle. Tietjens played Leonora, Mdlle. Scalchi played Azucena, Signor Mongini played Manrico, Signor Foli played Ferrando, and Mr. Santley played Count di Luna; Mr. Santley was compelled to repeat "Il balen;" Signor Mongini was compelled to repeat "Ah si, ben mio;" Mdlle. Tietjens, Signor Mongini, and the chorus, and the orchestra, were compelled to repeat the "Miserere;" there was a full house, and there was a great deal of applause. *Voilà tout*. Those who want any more about *Il Trovatore* may refer to divers previous volumes of the *Musical World*, wherein they will find enough and to spare.

On Tuesday Mdlle. Ilma de Murska made her first appearance for the season as Linda, in *Linda di Chamouni*. Her reception was highly flattering, and deservedly so, for she is singing even better than when she was last among us. Signor Naudin (his first appearance) was Carlo; Signor Ciampi (his also); the Marchese, Signor Baggiolo (his); the Prefetto, Mdlle. Scalchi; Pierotto; and Mr. Santley, Antonio. But of this, and of the *Huguenots* (produced on Thursday), we may speak in detail next week.

To-night *Linda di Chamouni* is to be repeated.

Meyerbeer's charming pastoral *Dinorah*, is to be revived next week—we presume for Mdlle. Murska, whose assumption of the heroine in that opera is one of her most original and complete achievements. *Guillaume Tell* is postponed, because, as we understand, a certain Sig. Chelli, who imagines himself to be another Mario, declines to sing the beautiful air of the "Pescatore" in the first scene!—What next?

MDLLE. ENEQUIST produced a most favourable impression, a short time since, at a concert given in Paris, for a charitable purpose, by the Duchesse de Dondauville and Madame Hoffmann, in the *salons* of Mrs. Moulton. Mdlle. Enequist sang some Swedish airs, and a waltz by M. Loret (who accompanied her). She was greatly applauded.

PROVINCIAL.

NOTTINGHAM.—We have received the following from our usual correspondent:—

"The last subscription concert for the season, of the Nottingham Sacred Harmonic Society, took place on Easter Monday, when Beethoven's oratorio of *Engedi* (*Mount of Olives*) was given. The band was excellent, and included several performers of reputation from the London orchestras; and the chorus was all that could be desired, fully sustaining its well-earned reputation. A marked effect was produced by the execution of 'We surely here shall find him.' Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, to whom the music of the oratorio is well adapted, sang the soprano part admirably; Mr. Vernon Rigby, who has become a favourite with the Nottingham public, was no less successful in the tenor part; and Signor Foli's fine voice was heard to advantage in the trio. He also gave three songs in the second part with genuine effect. The overture to *Oberon*, and the slow movement from a symphony by Beethoven, were capably played by the orchestra, and altogether this concert was the best of the season. Mr. Henry Farmer conducted the performance with his accustomed care and ability."

PAISLEY.—A correspondent sends us the following:—

"The Paisley Musical Association performed the *Messiah* in the Abbey Church on Good Friday. The principal vocalists were Miss Anna Hiles (soprano), Miss Annie Anyon (contralto), Mr. D. Whitehead (tenor), and Mr. David Lambert (bass). The attendance in the Abbey was very large, and the profound attention paid the whole evening evinced both appreciation and pleasure. The choruses were admirably rendered, particularly the 'Hallelujah.' The soloists were fully up to the mark. Miss Hiles has a fine voice, and gave an excellent rendering of the recitatives, 'There were Shepherds,' and 'Come unto Him,' and was also very successful in 'Rejoice greatly.' Mr. Whitehead has a fine tenor voice, and his singing of 'Comfort ye my people,' was in good taste; he was also very effective in 'Thou shalt dash them.' Mr. Lambert's powerful voice was heard with great effect in 'Behold, darkness;' he also gave a spirited rendering of 'Why do the nations,' and the fine qualities of his voice, as well as his good taste, were exhibited in 'The trumpet shall sound.' The chorus numbered upwards of two hundred, assisted by a most efficient band, including some of the leading instrumentalists in Scotland, ably led by Mr. Alexander Thompson. Mr. J. R. Fraser conducted with great tact, and credit is due to him for the admirable manner in which the whole of the performance went off. The band displayed commendable taste in their accompaniments, and the 'Pastoral Symphony' could scarcely have been improved."

LYNN.—The Philharmonic Society of Lynn will give a performance of J. Francis Barnett's *Ancient Mariner* on the 24th inst. The Mdlles. Clara and Rosamunda Doria are specially engaged for the occasion.

CROOK.—A correspondent writes:—

"Two grand concerts were recently given in the Mechanic's Hall, to large audiences. Mr. Price, principal tenor of Durham Cathedral, has a fine powerful voice, and was loudly encored in Bishop's 'Pilgrim of Love,' and 'The Maids of Merry England.' The purity and richness of Mr. David Lambert's voice was apparent in 'O ruddier than the Cherry' (*Acis and Galatea*), and Mendelssohn's 'Roamer,' both of which were enthusiastically encored. Mr. Albert Walker supplied the comic element, and kept his audience in excellent humour. He gave several popular ditties, which were received with enthusiastic applause and encor'd. Mr. Hoggett, of Darlington, was pianist, and accompanied all the songs with great good taste and excellent judgment. The concerts were, peculiarly speaking as well as musically, very successful."

HALSTEAD.—The *Halstead Times*, in noticing a concert at the Town Hall, writes:—

"Miss Henderson's singing was a real treat, the recitatives in the *Messiah* being given with a fine feeling and devout appreciation which were in thorough harmony with the sentiment of the text. In the airs 'Rejoice greatly' and 'Come unto Him' she was equally effective; the former jubilant song especially exhibiting the flexibility of her voice. In the second part, Bishop's 'Bid me discourse' was rendered by Miss Henderson so happily as to call forth a loud encore, responded to by 'Robin Adair.' This lady's singing is legitimate, unaffected, and devoid of all trick, which constitutes one of its great charms. The little ballad, 'Beware,' sung by Miss Henderson, was warmly redemanded."

HELM REINECKE from Leipzig, *cappellmeister*, pianist and composer, will play at the last of the Saturday Crystal Palace Concerts—also at one of the old Philharmonic Concerts.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

A VERY interesting concert was given on Wednesday, March 31st., by the gentlemen of the church choir of St. Mary, Stoke Newington, at the New Assembly Rooms. The choir was assisted by the Misses Jewell and Herr Schuberth (director of the Schubert Society). Miss Elice Jewell and Herr Schuberth were much applauded in Mendelssohn's grand sonata in D. Miss Rebecca Jewell sang Mendelssohn's *Reiselied*, and joined her sister in the duet from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. Miss Anna Jewell sang an air by Antonio Lotti and a song of her sister's with much taste. The glees and part-songs went exceedingly well. Two of the features of the evening were Beethoven's so-called "Vesper Hymn" and the "March of the Men of Harlech." Herr Schuberth played two solos on the violoncello in his usual finished style. The rooms were very well attended.

THE third of the afternoon concerts, given under the direction of Mr. Henry Holmes and Signor Pezze, took place in St. George's Hall on Tuesday. Mozart's quartet in B flat, No. 8, opened the programme, and its performance, by Messrs. Holmes, Folkes, Burnett, and Pezze, was much applauded. Next came a trio in E major for piano, violin, and violoncello, by Ferdinand Kufferath, well played by Mdlle. Elias Mori, Mr. Holmes, and Signor Pezze. The composition is not without merit. Two violin solos (Bach's Sarabanda in B minor, and Beethoven's Romance in G) were admirably rendered by Mr. Holmes, who had to repeat the second. Schumann's quartet in A minor, No. 1, closed the concert. Signor Li Calci and Mr. Deacon conducted. The vocalist was Herr Wallenreiter. The last concert is announced for the 20th inst.

MADAME SAINTON DOLBY gave an English concert at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday, to a full and appreciative audience. Madame Sainton herself sang, in the style for which she is deservedly famous, Bishop's "By the simplicity of Venus' doves," Claribel's "Children's Voices," her own song (and a very capital song it is), "A Year's Spinning," and two ballads by the Countess of Gifford. The concert-giver was loudly applauded after each effort, as she richly deserved to be. The other vocalists were Mdlle. Bodda-Pyne, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Julia Elton, Miss Sophia Vinta, Mdlle. Santos (who made a favourable first appearance), Messrs. Perren, Vernon Rigby, Maybrick, Lewis Thomas, and the London Glee and Madrigal Union. Mr. Charles Hallé and Mr. Edward de Jong (flute) supplied the instrumental music.

Odd Thoughts.

We print some extracts from *Watson's Art Journal* under this head, because, if the ideas themselves are not odd, so much cannot anyhow be said of the phraseology:—

"Tyrolean singers are now operating in London, and are formed of seven; they have been honoured with auditions by Queen Victoria and the Princess of Wales."

Watson does not say whether the Royal party enjoyed the "renditions."

"The London *Musical World* of Feb. 20th has a doleful jeremiad over the dismal muddle in which musical London now madly plunges, and flounders around in, all bemired with 'pitch.'"

The above is better word-painting than grammar; but here is something still more picturesque:—

"England's adored tenor, having well arranged his order of battle with Costa and the high pitch advocates, moved upon the enemy's works in great force on February 12th, planting his colours—which bear French pitch emblazoned on them, full in front of some four or five thousand spectators at St James's Hall, London, *Jephtha* being the battle-field. His chief of staff, on that momentous occasion, was Mr. Joseph Barnby, who rallied with all his choral force, Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan co-operated in all possible ways, and the soloists, besides Mr. Reeves, included Mdlles. Drasil and Banks, and Signor Foli. The performance before that 'enormous audience' by the combined orchestral and vocal force—350—satisfied critical judgment, gave especial honour to Misses Banks and Drasil, while the all-conquering Reeves went up to a very high pinnacle of popular glory on 'Wait her, angels,' and carried even critical judgment away, captivated by his modified pitch. So decidedly were the enemy's intrenchments carried by storm, on that memorable Friday evening, that even Costa and his high pitch coadjutors said afterward, like the Coon to Capt. Scott, 'Don't fire, we'll come down.' Their last feeble parry of Reeves' irresistible assault is to plead lack of money to pay for the alterations in musical instruments, required to conform to French pitch."

AN American country paper remarks that Ann Dante, the composer of so many popular but solemn pieces of music, is not a descendant of the poet bearing the same surname.

HERR CHARLES OBERTHÜR.

This gentleman has been playing with great success at Prague. The *Correspondent* says:—

"The third concert of the Conservatory enjoyed the advantage over the two previous concerts of being given in the large German Theatre, thus affording the unwealthy, and yet intelligent of our musical amateurs, the opportunity of participating in an artistic treat such as seldom falls to the lot of the inhabitants of Prague. The works selected were hitherto unknown in this city, and the solos performed by an artist who has never before been our guest, though he enjoys a European reputation. We allude to Herr Charles Oberthür, who proved what effects may be obtained from that stubborn though sympathetic instrument, the harp. . . . Of the solo pieces we heard, we were most interested by a concerto, modestly called, by its composer, a concertino, though it consists of three tolerably long movements. Herr Oberthür performed, also, the harp-part in the overture to the fairy legend of *Aladdin*."

Another writes as follows:—

"The last concert of the Conservatory filled every place in the German Landestheater, and brought this year's series of concerts to a brilliant conclusion. As was previously the case with Marie Krebe, the managers succeeded in securing for their third concert the services of a really extraordinary visitor, Herr Charles Oberthür, first professor of the harp at the Royal Academy of Music, London. This gentleman proved himself a 'rare' artist in every sense of the word, whether we take into consideration the wonderful degree of virtuosity he exhibits, or how isolated are *concertante* performances on the harp. . . . Since the time of Parish-Alvars, the harp has never displayed itself to the astonished hearer with such richness and brilliancy as it does under the hand of Herr Charles Oberthür. The applause grew more and more tumultuous at every succeeding piece."

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To the Editor of the "Musical World."

DEAR SIR,—Last week you kindly noticed the case of the organists. The choristers have asked us to help them, and the following petition sets forth the case of those at Armagh. The Bill provides that choir-men shall get their present *net* income in the form of an annuity, which is to cease as soon as they, from whatsoever cause, cease to do their present duties.—Yours faithfully,

F. PETRIE.

(Hon. Sec. Prov. Dublin.)

The Church Institution, 25, Parliament St., S.W.,
7th April, 1869.

"To the Honourable the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament Assembled.

"The Humble Petition of the undersigned Members of the Choir of the Cathedral Church of Armagh, sheweth, that your Petitioners have been employed in the performance of daily choral service in the Cathedral of Armagh, —some of them for more than 30 years. That when they entered on their office it was in the full expectation that, unless removed for misconduct, they were to retain their situations as long as they were able to perform their duties as singers; and that when disabled by reason of old age, they would receive superannuation allowances out of the funds of the Corporation of Vicars Choral of Armagh, incorporated by a Charter granted by King Charles I., and augmented under a Charter granted by King George I. That the Bill now under the consideration of your Honourable House, entitled 'the Irish Church Bill,' would, if it be enacted, destroy the said Corporation; and that no provision is made in the Bill for affording adequate compensation to your Petitioners. That they humbly submit, that, although they are not in Holy Orders, their claim to compensation rests on a foundation similar to that of Stipendiary or Assistant Curates, inasmuch as Divine Service could not be duly performed in the Cathedral without their assistance; and, by the 15th sec. of the Bill, an annuity equal to the amount of the yearly income received by any permanent Curate is granted to him during his life as compensation.

"They beg leave further to represent that Parish Clerks, whose office in Parish Churches is analogous to that which your Petitioners hold in a Cathedral, are, by the 16th sec., awarded, so long as they live, annuities equal to their yearly salaries. And they further beg leave to represent that, by the 25th sec. of the Bill, provision is authorized to be made for maintaining in proper repair certain churches, not exceeding twelve in number, which shall appear, by reason of their architectural character or their antiquity, to be deserving of being maintained as national monuments, but are of such size as to make it beyond the means of the congregation which will use them to maintain them in proper repair. And your Petitioners feel persuaded that the ancient Cathedral of Armagh in which they officiate is one of the Churches the maintenance of which the Legislature has in contemplation in this provision of the Bill.

"Your Petitioners humbly pray that your Honourable House will take into their favourable consideration the circumstances thus respectfully laid before them, and will be pleased to grant to them compensation similar in amount to that which, by the Bill, is awarded to Stipendiary Curates, and to the Clerks of Parish Churches. And your Petitioners will ever pray, &c."

MIFFINS.

(From "Watson's Musical and Art Almanac.")

JANUARY.

Mr. Pergolesi Beethoven Mozart Miffins determines to signalise the year by some stupendous and wonder compelling—but hear him!

I have to-day made a solemn determination—*à propos* why solemn? I fail to see the solemnity of it! I have to-day then—but first let me tell you who I am—I was born—well, of course I was born, or I should scarcely be writing this brief but interesting memoir—though on second thoughts it is not exactly a memoir, and, indeed, the whole idea is a manifest absurdity, as an unborn person could with difficulty write upon any subject—not, however, that I have stated he, or as the case might be, she could!

I saw the light then—and that's an absurd expression—for I came into the world at midnight—about the year—really it is not worth while enlarging upon such trivialities as these—and am consequently by-the-bye, that's a *non sequitur*, for having given no *data*, or rather date, there can, of course, be no numerical deduction made.—*Ez nihilo nihil fit*, and, indeed, it is of very little importance, as one's birth is after all a proceeding entirely independent of oneself, and a matter so entirely unexpected by oneself, as to relieve one from all responsibility, and to suggest clearly enough to all lucid thinkers, that the fact of existence is ample proof of birth, and as to the exact moment of my appearance upon this terrestrial ball—supposed by some geologists to be a cube—though that's neither here nor there—therefore, what can it matter? And now let me, at once, proceed to register my vow in yon shining heaven—next month—

FEBRUARY.

Miffins thinks he has found a subject—Perhaps he has, perhaps he hasn't!

I determined last month to determine the nature of my determination, and regret—as a musical man—that I have held the chord of my resolve so long in suspense. My resolution is now taken to resolve it, by a bold or otherwise modulation, but certainly to resolve it!

Re solve it! The difficulties language, and especially the English language, plunges you into it!

Re solve it, when it has yet never been solved! How can you, indeed, *solve* a determination? A problem! Yes!—Really I feel quite "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," when I think—that is—thought—think and thought—Pshaw! what a tangle. what an abrupt cohesion of prose dominant and tonic, my excursive and accursed pen has betrayed me into! Nevertheless the words dominant and tonic bring me to my subject—and that reminds me of some one who told some one else, that some other persons thought they liked eggs, in this wise "some fellows think they like eggs, but they don't." I imagined I was brought to my subject, and have actually no more subjects than Isabella of Spain; and that's my difficulty—for with a subject *comme il faut*, my path would be clear enough, all my uncertainties banished, my sails all spread, my steeds harnessed, my velocipede with its soul in arms, and eager for the fray, my armour girded on my stalwart figure (figuratively), my gold pen black with anxious ink, and my horizon only bounded by—the end of the month!

MARCH.

Miffins expatiates on the advantages of theory over practice, and is full of inactive energy.

March! A Funeral March! for the buried resolutions, and quietly inurned determination, of the last two months—and they are not the last two months either, any schoolboy will tell you they are the *first* two months.—The last two months of the year will have a very different tale to tell, for the writer of this essay has a strength of purpose, a vigour of will, an indomitable perseverance, an adhesive fixity, a tenfold tenacity, and an unflinching style of putting imaginary shoulders to imaginary wheels, that—let me here remark—slightly changing the key, with *obligato* of ineffable satisfaction—how manifest are the advantages of theory over practice! until, of course, your resolution is made.—It is so sublime, and so easy—to sit and think, to theorize, to abstract yourself from the hard world and hard work, and mentally perform more labour in one short month than a less industrious thinker in three.—And all this time the muffled drums of March are unpleasantly thrum-thrumming their way to the last bars of this very *allegro* month—never knew Nature hurry the *tempo* so unreasonably before with her compositions—and my magnificent determination of the first of January—January after all is a cold unsympathetic month, sufficient to chill any resolution—still under consid.—Crash! Bang! Bang! Crash! and the last *fortissimo* chords of Funeral March—needlessly marked *Grave*—hurry the month to its doom.

(To be continued.)

VIENNA.—It is now definitely settled that the magnificent new Opera-house will open on the 15th May, with Gluck's *Armide*. A new ballet, *Sardanapal*, is to be produced in the course of the season. The author, Herr Paul Taglioni, will come from Berlin to superintend the rehearsals.—Dr. Ferdinand Hiller has recently left, after being the object of all sorts of ovations. The Abbate Franz Liszt, on the other hand, has recently arrived. He intends stopping only a short time.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEMO.—The late Frederic Kalkbrenner, the pianist and composer, never wrote any such thing as a *History of Music*; nor was his son, Arthur, who died not long since, a "Visconte." How on earth could he be?

NOTICE.

The MUSICAL WORLD will henceforth be published on FRIDAY, in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

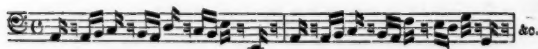
LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1869.

ROSSINI'S SOLEMN MASS.

THE KYRIE.

OUR readers must be tolerably familiar with the general character of this important and interesting work. We, therefore, pass at once to a detailed exposition of the opening movement.

The "Kyrie" begins *Andante maestoso* in A minor, common time, with a degree of softness which the composer indicates by *pppp*. There are eight bars of prelude, having, as the most striking feature, a characteristically restless bass, which leads off (after two unison A's in bar one) as thus:—



On the ninth bar the voices enter with the following contrapuntal passage (the bass above indicated still going on):—



The character of this opening gives no clue to what follows. Suddenly abandoning its style, Rossini takes up with one more familiar and, it may be presumed, more congenial. Thenceforth, till the "Christe" appears, he employs the luscious melody and harmony with which his *Stabat* has made the world familiar. Here is an example (occurring at the point where the agitated bass accompaniment ceases), which will suffice in the way of quotation:—



Continuing for some time after this fashion the movement ends *pppp*, in C major, and the "Christe" immediately follows. This is written as a double canon on the octave, twenty-three bars long, in 4-2 time, and marked *Andante moderato, Tutti sotto voce e legato*. Its character can easily be gathered from the opening phrases:—



The parts flow throughout with considerable ease, but the "Christe" depends for its chief effect more upon the force of an extraordinary contrast than any special merit. Nothing in it urgently demands quotation, but we may as well give the cadence which leads to a resumption of the "Kyrie":—



With the signature of C major the "Kyrie" then commences in C minor, but passes into A major on the phrase which begins our third example. This part of the movement is expanded by an episode deserving notice. The following passage is twice given, accompanied by the moving bass which forms so conspicuous a feature of the number:—



Thence to the end we have simply a repetition in A major of what has been previously heard in another key. A long *diminuendo*, ending *pppp*, finishes the "Kyrie" impressively and heightens by contrast the triumphant burst with which the "Gloria" sets out.

There is no more to be said of this opening number, because, beautiful though it be, its beauty is not so strikingly new as that of many other parts of the Mass. The "Gloria" is a very different matter.

(To be continued).

THE WELSH HARP.

A WEEK or two ago a contemporary called attention in his "Notes of the Week" to an effort now being made for the preservation of the Welsh Triple Harp. Appropriately enough this movement was inaugurated by Mr. Brinley Richards, the foremost of Welsh musicians, and the composer of a popular song in which the glories of Welsh harps are sung. A letter written by that gentleman attracted considerable notice in the Principality; some of the Welsh journals devoted their leading columns to the subject, and the interest of Cambrian antiquarianism, as well as of Cambrian nationality, is now fairly aroused. Among other proofs of this result is the letter which appears in another column, addressed to us by a gentleman well known for his connection with Welsh literature and for the influence he has over his countrymen in regard to matters such as that of which he speaks.

We cheerfully accept the reasons assigned by Mr. Rees for the disuse into which the triple harp has fallen, but none of them need

stand in the way of revival. It was a happy thought of Mr. Richards to call attention to the proximate disappearance of his national instrument. Changes of the sort often take place so quietly that they are only noted when the mischief has been done past remedy. With such stealth does the process go on that the first knowledge of it comes with the ultimate catastrophe. In the present instance Mr. Richards has given timely warning, and it is to be hoped that his voice will be heeded in a practical fashion. For many reasons the Welsh harp should be preserved elsewhere than in museums and curiosity-shops. It is the distinctive instrument of "an old and haughty nation, proud in arms;" it can boast of great antiquity, possesses musical characteristics not only peculiar but pleasing, and is so cheap that price stands little in the way of wide diffusion. From one point of view we can understand why it is that professional Welsh harpers use an instrument no more Welsh than the bag-pipes. But we cannot understand why, being Welsh harpers, they use it exclusively. A "Pencerdd" or an "Eos" unable to play upon the instrument of his nation, while getting cash and credit from a mastery over that with which his nation has nothing to do, is a curious anomaly. We think Welsh harpers should know something about Welsh harps, and we quite agree with Mr. Richards that steps should be taken by the National Eisteddfod in order to preserve the instrument. The managers follow the example Mr. Richards has so well set. From a musical point of view the loss of the triple harp might not be serious, but an instrument of such antiquity, interest, and—to some extent—merit, ought not yet to be numbered among the things that were.

NEW ITALIAN OPERA.

(Communicated.)

The prospectus of the New Italian Opera (at the Theatre Royal Lyceum) is not yet issued, but it is said that we shall hear a number of artists who enjoy a high reputation on the Continent, although unknown to England. An engagement has been accepted by M. Verger, who has during the last five seasons occupied the position of principal baritone at the Italian Opera, Paris. We are also to hear Mlle. Ricci, daughter of Luigi Ricci, the composer. Signor Gardoni will sing on the opening night (Monday, May 8th); and we are likely to hear Madame Trebelli, Signor Bettini, and other favourites. Engagements have been signed by the principal members of the late orchestra and chorus of Her Majesty's Theatre.

We direct the reader's attention to the first portion of "Miffins," more particularly because the author is Mr. Arthur Matthison, a gentleman well-known in the musical world of London. Mr. Matthison, we are glad to hear, is having a very successful time of it in the United States.

LAST week we stated that the differences between Mdlle. Nilsson and the directors of the Italian Opera were likely to be arranged in a satisfactory manner. We can now—if our never-yet-erring Paris correspondent may be relied upon (who dares question it?—not we)—affirm almost positively that there is no longer any doubt about the matter. *Quid tum postea?*

MENDELSSOHN NIGHT.—The National Choral Society, conducted by Mr. G. W. Martin, will give a Mendelssohn Night at Exeter Hall, on Tuesday, April 20, when the *First Walpurgis Night*, and the *Hymn of Praise (Lobgesang)*, will be performed. Miss Arabella Smyth, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Lander, are already engaged. Mendelssohn, in one of his letters, thus describes the *Walpurgis Night*:—

"At the opening there are songs of springs, etc.; and plenty of others of the same kind. Afterwards, when the watchmen with their 'Gabeln und Zacken und Eulen' are making a great noise, comes the witches' apparition, for which, as you know, I have a particular weakness; the sacrificial Druids then appear, represented by trombones in C major; then the watchmen come in again in alarm; and here I mean to introduce a weird, fluttering sort of chorus, and, lastly, to conclude with a grand sacrificial hymn."

HERR R. WAGNER ON HIMSELF.

According to the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, the following is a faithful extract from a letter addressed by Herr Richard Wagner, to Madame von Kalergis, at present Madame Muchanow, the year he received the invitation to visit Munich. The reader will perceive most clearly how severely Herr Wagner was suffering, at that period, from the disease of self-idolatry. The extract, copied from the original, runs thus:—

"Since then my fate has taken an unprecedentedly favourable turn. I was on the point of perishing; every effort for my well-being had proved a failure. The strangest and almost demoniacal ill-luck baffled me at every step I took; I had resolved to withdraw for ever into some retreat, and for ever abandon every enterprise connected with art. During the weeks that all this was ripening, the young King of Bavaria, who had scarcely succeeded to the government, ordered search to be made for me in every place where I was not. At length his messenger found me in Stuttgart, and took me to him. What shall I say to you? The most incredible thing, and yet the only thing requisite for me, became a complete truth. In the year of the first representation of my *Tannhäuser*, a queen brought forth the Genius of my life, who was destined to raise me, once in the deepest distress, to the highest degree of happiness. As a youth of fifteen, he was present at a performance of my *Lohengrin*; since then, he has belonged to me! He calls me his only teacher and educator, all that is dearest to him in the world! Liszt saw letters of his to me, and observed: the Royal youth was as receptivity all that I was as productivity. My dear friend, there is no doubt here! Every day brings proof of the Prodigious, the Beautiful! He was sent from heaven; through him I am, and understand myself. I love him. I am free, and soar above the Common Mass far up in the clouds. I have nothing now to do but to finish my works and carry them out completely. The *Nibelungen* is resumed entirely in accordance with my plan. In May, next year, *Tristan und Isolde*, with Schnorr, and the best that is to be had. My gracious King has drawn hither my most intimate friends to please me; in November, the Bulows move for ever to Munich. A few days since, I was enabled to inform Cornelius that he will be requested to come here. Never has history had to record anything so wonderful, so profound, so ecstatic as the relations of my King to me. Perhaps this could happen only to me. In this splendid youth, my art lives as though visibly growing; he is my father and my home, my happiness!"

Since the time when this was written, something has happened to Schnorr, and parallels have been drawn between Herr Wagner and Lola Montez. But this by the church-yard.—A.S.S.

Tines for Music.

(From the "Continental Gazette.")

THE LAWYER'S SPRING-SONG.

Whereas on certain boughs and sprays
Now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraise,
Hail to the coming on of Spring.

The songs of the said birds arouse
The memory of our youthful hours,
As green as those said sprays and boughs,
As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.

The birds, aforesaid—happy pairs—
Love, 'mid the aforesaid bows enshrine
In freehold nests, themselves, their heirs,
Administrators, and assigns.

Oh, busiest term of Cupid's court,
Where tender plaintiffs actions bring,
Season of frolic and of sport,
Hail, as aforesaid, coming Spring!

Laurine will be given next May at the Academy of Music, New York, which has been hired by Mr. J. Fisk for that purpose. The opera will be performed, under the direction of Mr. Maretzky, by the principal artists of the Italian opera company. The scenery of the opera, painted last year for Pike's Opera-house, has been secured by Mr. Fisk and already transferred to the Academy of Music.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

Subjoined is the programme of the second concert, which took place on Monday night, in St. James's Hall :—

PART I.

Symphony (No. 2) in C	Schumann.
Recit. e Aria, "Che farò senza Eurydice"	Gluck.
Concerto in G minor	Mendelssohn.
Recit. e Aria, "Mi tradi quell'alma ingrata"	Mozart.
Overture, "The Wedding of Camacho"	Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Symphony (No. 8) in F	Beethoven.
Song, " Marguerite "	Schubert.
Overture, " Zauberflöte "	Mozart.
Conductor	Mr. Cousins.

Schumann's symphony (perhaps his best) was admirably played, and both more liked and more applauded than on the occasion of its first production by the Philharmonic Society, five years since. Our own opinion about the general merits of the work, despite the "teachings" of the *Daily News* critic, who, were there no such a thing as English music, might be called an eclectic, remains positively unchanged. Madame Schumann played Mendelssohn's concerto, on a Broadwood pianoforte, and was "recalled" at the conclusion of her very energetic performance. The early overture of Mendelssohn was not, by any means, so well played as the symphony; but its spirit and beauty shone out, nevertheless. Of the "No. 8" of Beethoven, we can say nothing that has not been said a hundred times, even were we to repeat the particulars of its history, with which a certain print furnishes its readers, as it were, with an ingenuous persuasion that they had never been stated in print till now. The *allegretto scherzando* in B flat was encored and repeated. The overture of Mozart was taken in excellent time and well played throughout—although it served merely as a voluntary to accompany the less musical sounds of receding feet.

Of Miss Goetze (a contralto), who sang the air from Gluck's *Orfeo*, having nothing very favourable to say we prefer saying nothing at all. Miss Edith Wynne has never sang anything in our remembrance more artistically than the magnificent recitative and air of Elvira from *Don Giovanni*. With Schubert's *Lied* (accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Cusins), we were less satisfied.

At the third concert, Herr Reinecke is to play Mozart's piano-forte concerto in D, and an overture from his pen, entitled *König Manfred*, will be given. The symphonies at this concert are to be Schubert's in B minor (unfinished), and Beethoven's in C minor.

A NEW USE FOR OLD PLANOS.

Any one who has a square pianoforte may, in a few minutes, prepare a most interesting optical exhibition, by converting the top of the instrument into a kaleidoscope in the following manner:—

The front portion of the top of the piano is turned back on its hinges over the main portion to an angle of sixty degrees or less, and supported in that position by placing under its edge a book, or other suitable prop; and the cloth cover is then placed over the portion of the top which is thus thrown back in such a manner as to close the opening behind it. A triangular tube of the whole length of the piano is thus formed, the portions of the top forming the bottom and front sides, and the cloth cover forming the third or rear side of the tube. A small table or any other convenient stand is placed close to one end of the piano, and two candles or small lamps are placed upon it, one on each side of the mouth of the tube, in such positions that their lights are not visible through the opposite end of the tube.

Any article having gay coloured figures upon it, such as a piece of carpet, or shawl, a quilt, pieces of coloured embroidery, or a bunch of bright coloured ribbons, is then held up to the light in such manner that they shine upon that side of it which is toward the tube, and is moved about in as great a variety of directions as possible; and a person looking through the tube from the opposite end will see an almost infinite variety of beautiful figures, such as are seen through an ordinary kaleidoscope, only on a very much larger scale. The exhibition may be amusingly varied by a person presenting his face to the lights and moving his head about and grimacing, or by two or three persons moving their hands and fingers at the lightened end of the tube. Almost any article or object moved about at the lightened end of the tube will produce an effect which, if not positively beautiful, will be at least grotesque or amusing. It might be supposed that only a new or newly polished piano would be suitable for this exhibition, but even with an old instrument on which the polish has lost much of its brilliancy, a very beautiful exhibition may be obtained. The entertainment may be enlivened by the playing of the piano during the exhibition, and moving the object in time with the music.—*American Artisan.*

MODEL CONCERTS.

(From "Punch.")

Bravo, Mr. Manns ! Your Saturday Winter Concerts, in their way, are model concerts. Thanks to your good judgment, the programmes are arranged to please all ears excepting long ones, such as are not moved by any concord of sweet sounds, and whose owners, though not fit perhaps for treason, stratagems, and spoils, are certainly not suited for the Crystal Palace concert-room.

Another admirable point in your programmes is the notice that an interval of five minutes will occur after the symphony which forms part of each concert, and another interval before the final overture or other instrumental work. The lighter music in the programme is performed between these pauses; and people who like songs, but cannot understand a symphony, thus have their exits and their entrances without disturbing other persons of more educated taste. In music, as in other matters, this is a free country, and every Briton has a right to quit a concert in the middle if it pleases him to do so. But he has no right to annoy other people by his egress, which he is sure to do by leaving in the middle of a piece. There are various tastes for music as there are for every other sort of mental food. Some like the turtle of Beethoven, some the venison of Mozart; while others only relish the lollipops of Verdi, or the trifles light as air which are whipped up for the dance. A man—nay, a Manns—who wishes to be popular must cater for all tastes; but he must take care in so doing that the dishes do not clash. The lovers of Beethoven have a right to growl and grumble if their hearing of a symphony be disturbed by the incoming of the lovers of a dance-tune or a sentimental song; nor is there any reason why people should not hear the last piece in a programme in silence if they like. But, in general, no sooner is the last piece commenced, than silks begin to rustle, and boots begin to creak; and the music is performed with a stirring pedal accompaniment which quite destroys its beauty, and robs its would-be hearers of the treat for which they wait.

So, bravo Mr. Manns! *Mr. Punch* applauds your effort to obtain a quiet hearing for Beethoven and Mendelssohn; and *Mr. Punch* would simply hint that the person who in future interrupts their hearers should be regarded as a miscreant whom it were gross flattery to call a brainless ass.

A NEW PIANO FOR SCHOOLS.

I have often wished that some mechanical genius would construct a piano in such a way as to explode a torpedo, or make a row in some way, whenever the player struck a wrong key. My first idea was that every false note played should take off a finger. But then I reflected that the most careful player would scarcely have a finger left at the end of a week's practice. My next idea was that every false note should take off one hair from the player's head. But at this rate an ordinary school girl would grow bald in about a fortnight. I then conceived the idea of the torpedo making an explosion like a pistol at every false note struck. But even this most excellent idea proved objectionable from the fact that if these pianos were adopted at large schools, the neighbours would hear the "sound of battle and noise of war" continually. At length after many sleepless nights I have reached the true idea. By means of a singularly unique application of the principle of the electric telegraph I have contrived that every false note struck shall cause a stroke of a hickory switch say as large as your little finger and about three feet long. It is so arranged as to strike directly on the player's shoulders, and by means of cams its position is changed after each stroke so that the next stroke will fall in a new place, yet close by. In this way I obviate the tendency of the pupil to move after a stroke, for if she does change her position it is quite likely that the change may correspond with that of the switch so that the next blow will fall in the same place; and this any one may see would be quite tiresome. The music to be played is connected with the apparatus, so that the instrument infallibly knows what are proper notes, and what not. I have adopted these in our Musical College, and they are about being adopted in the Royal Academy of Music at La Crosse, Wisconsin. Other institutions will no doubt speedily follow the example. It was found necessary to provide healing plasters for the use of the pupils during the first week's practice. Five dozen of these plasters accompany every instrument. The battery used is not likely to get out of order, and the working expense does not exceed half a cent a week. Any further information may be had by addressing as undersigned.

DIGITALIS ACOUSTICS SOLFAMI, Mus. Mech. Doc.

—*Musical Independent* (American).

At a brilliant wedding at St. John's Cathedral, in Cleveland, recently, it was found that some one had locked the organ, stopped the keyhole, hid the key and lifters of the bellows, and carried off the key of the music case to prevent a rival organist from officiating.

REVIEWS.

The Organist's Quarterly Review of Original Compositions. Edited by W. SPARK, Mus. Doc. No. II. [London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.]

THE second number of this serial is even better than the first. Mr. Henry Smart leads off with a Prelude (*molto moderato*) in A major, written with all his accustomed grace and knowledge of effect. In the art of writing for organ music Mr. Smart has few equals. An *Andantino* (with chorale) in D major, by Mr. Joseph Barnby, is smoothly written, and a more than usually successful imitation of the German organ composers. Mr. G. A. Macfarren contributes the first movement (*allegro*) of a sonata in C major. Although much too free in its style, according to our notions of the freedom permissible to organ music, and although not distinguished by anything strikingly new, the movement is well adapted for effect. We need not say that it is written with the facility of a master. Mr. J. F. Barnett's introductory Voluntary (*moderato*) in F major will be welcomed by all who love pleasing and, at the same time, artistically constructed music. Last of all comes an Introduction (*andante*) in D major, and Fugue (*allegro moderato*) in D major, by Mr. E. Silas. The latter has two subjects, the second of which we like better than the first. It need hardly be said that the Fugue is a scholarly production. Somewhat tame at the beginning, it warms up as it progresses and ends with spirit.

The Village Curfew. C. GOUNOD. Transcription for Piano by W. KUHE. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

THE ringing of cracked bells in combination with the fizzing of damp fireworks.

'Tis the Sabbath reigns around. Vocal Duet. Composed by MARIE TIDDEMAN (Ibstone Rectory). [London: Duff & Stewart.]

MILD—very mild, except where the voices are separated by a diminished seventh.

Fantaisie sur des motifs de l'Opéra "Oberon" (de WEBER). Pour Piano. Par E. SAUERBERRY. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

THE most popular themes in *Oberon* are here pleasantly (and conventionally) treated. A good drawing-room piece, as drawing-room pieces go.

Hark! the Goat Bells ringing (HENRY SMART). Arranged for the Pianoforte by GEORGE FORBES. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

THE usual style of thing. We hope Mr. Smart feels honoured.

The Song of Love and Death. Poetry by ALFRED TENNYSON. Music by Miss MARIA LINDSAY. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

IF we were asked—but, pardon, the composer is a lady.

Abalom. Sacred Song. The poetry from Holy Writ. Music by Miss M. LINDSAY. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

RECITATIVE undoubtedly Miss Lindsay's own. From the air we gather a suspicion that its composer came after that of the last trio in *Faust*.

Glory be to God on High. Words from the Communion Service. Composed for the use of Church Choirs by SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY. [London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.]

WE find nothing new nor particularly striking in this "Gloria," but the music flows on a deep, broad stream of majestic harmony, such as Dr. Wesley knows how to call forth. It is easy, moreover, and well adapted for extensive use.

49TH MIDDLESEX (POST OFFICE) RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.—A most attractive concert is announced to come off on Monday evening, April 12th, at St. James's Hall, the proceeds to be devoted to the Prize Fund of letter "E" company. In addition to the band of the regiment, a glee and madrigal party, composed of distinguished amateurs, will perform several part-songs and glees under the direction of Mr. Lawson. Some of the most eminent vocal and instrumental performers at present in London will assist. A most attractive programme has been put forth, and a large attendance is counted on. The concert is under the patronage of Lieut. Colonel Du Plat Taylor and the Officers of the Regiment.

BADEN.—Great preparations have been made for next season. In May and June, the following ladies will be engaged at the Kurhaus:—Battu, Schröder, Escudier-Kastner, Staps, Peschel, Norman-Neruda Castellano, Carreno, Marie Krebs, Dreyfuss, &c., as well as M.M. Delle Sedie, Jourdan, Lefort, Berger, Ponzano, Sivori, Sarate, Hermann, Léonard, Gleichauf, White, Randano, Lavignac, Batta, Botteani, De Vroye, &c. In July, the Bouffes Parisiens will give a series of performances. In August, there will be French plays. In September, there will be German and Italian opera. Finally, there will be Spanish operettas.

WAIFS.

M. Sainton, the celebrated violinist, is at Toulouse.

M. Thomas's *Hamlet* has been brought out with great success at Leipzig.

A new pianist, Mlle. Celestine Mauricé, has made a successful *début* in Paris.

Offenbach is at Bordeaux, where he has superintended the rehearsal of his operetta, *Le Mariage aux Lanternes*.

Mlle. Lucca goes to Cairo in the autumn, tempted by an offer from the Viceroy of 80,000 francs for a few representations.

A fragment of an unpublished symphony, by Mr. Alfred Holmes, was performed at M. Padeloup's concert last Sunday.

M. Georges Hainl, *chef d'orchestre* at the Grand Opera has been named, by the Minister of Public Instruction, *Officier d'Académie*.

Mlle. Nilsson is having an immense success at the Grand Opera in *Faust*. The receipts of one night only amounted to 15,750 francs.

An opera by M. Saint-Saëns, *Timbre d'Argent*, is to be produced at the Grand Opera, with Madame Carvalho and M. Faure as principals.

The *Choirmaster* announces the appointment of Mr. J. F. Bridge, Mus. Bac. Oxon., to the vacant post of cathedral organist at Manchester.

Mr. Arthur Sullivan is writing a cantata to be entitled *The Prodigal Son* (words by Mr. George Grove), for the approaching Worcester Festival. Good news!

Mr. Benedict is writing a cantata (name as yet unknown) for the approaching Norwich Festival. Good news;—but where is our long-promised oratorio, *St. Peter*?

A marriage is announced to take place between M. Ulman, the artist, and Mlle. Dreyfus, the daughter of the banker who has lately gained the sum of 100,000 fr. at the lottery of the city of Paris.

Rossini's *Solemn Mass* was lately performed at Bologna, under the direction of M. Muzio. Its success was immense. The work was to be given at Brussels, on Monday last, with Altoni as *con-ralto*.

M. Vieuxtemps has arrived in London, and has already played at St. James's Hall. We trust to have a speedy opportunity of hearing the great Belgian violinist at one of the concerts of the Old or the New Philharmonic Society.

We (*New York Weekly Review*) hear that Madame Parepa-Rosa, who is fortunately so far recovered that she will soon be able to come to New York, has been offered an engagement to sing at the San Carlo in Naples during a period of seven months.

H. C. Jarrett offers to pay 5,000 dollars towards the erection of an opera-house in New Haven, United States, and the citizens of that aesthetic town are taking the matter into consideration with a view to furnishing the remaining necessary shekels.

Hard things are said of melodies now-a-days in Germany, all in behalf of genius. But do not you be turned away by that. It still is and remains the indestructible, eternal power, not to be driven from the field by all the sophisms of impotence. The simplest melody is still the sweetest and most palatable bunch of grapes, in spite of all the foxes.

Blind Tom has a rival in a negro girl raised in Hinds county, Mississippi. The *Vicksburg Times* says that although she has been employed as a field hand for the past two years, and has had no opportunity to practice or listen to music, her performances on the piano are astonishing for accuracy, delicacy, and brilliance. She can play anything she has ever heard, and is never weary of the instrument. The usual tour is announced.

"When Christine Nilsson, the 'Swedish Lark,' recently sang in London"—says an American journal—"she lost one of her hair pins, which one of the scene-shifters found. He showed it to one of the young aristocrats who were behind the scenes. 'How much do you ask for it?' said the lord. 'Twenty-five guineas,' replied the scene-shifter. The young lord actually paid the twenty-five guineas, took the hair-pin, and said he would preserve it as a precious relic."—*Se non è vero non è ben trovato*.

For three years the Boston people have had free concerts of instrumental music given in the open air in the summer season. The Council of that city have passed a resolution favouring the payment of two thousand five hundred dollars for similar entertainments to be given during the present winter, in a large hall, the orchestral to be diversified with vocal music. It proved economical in summer, and it will be a counter attraction to set against the billiard saloons and bar rooms in winter. The people of Boston are wise beyond their day and generation.

The Handel and Haydn Society of Boston are busy preparing for their performance of Costa's *Naaman* and Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*. The list of soloists is to include Madame Parpa-Roa, Miss Adelaide Phillips, Miss Lizzie M. Gates, Mr. M. W. Whitney, Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen, Mr. James Whitney, Mr. W. Macdonald, and (it is hoped) Mr. William Castle. *Naaman* will be given on this occasion for the first time in America. The music is greatly admired by the members of the Handel and Haydn Society.

The *Continental Gazette* says:—

"Patti has returned to Paris. Amongst the presents which she has brought back from Russia is a fine flat diamond, of great value, which formerly belonged to the Comte Zotof, the favourite of Catherine II. It was used as a glass to cover the portrait of his wife, the Comtesse Zotof. The admirers of Patti had instructed the jeweller, the possessor of this historical diamond, to present the *diva* several diamonds of the same value, when she selected the celebrated flat diamond."

The Egyptian flute was only a cow's horn with three or four holes in it, and their harp or lyre had only three strings; the Grecian *bend*, I should have said lyre, had only seven strings and was very small, being held in one hand; the Jewish trumpets, I should have said *horns*, that made the walls of Jericho fall down, were only rams' horns; their flute was the same as the Egyptian. They had no other instrumental music but by percussion, of which the greatest boast made was the psaltery, a small triangular harp or lyre with wire strings, and struck with an iron needle or stick; their sacbut was something like a bag-pipe; their timbrel was a tambourine; and the dulcimer was a zither, with wire strings, and struck with a stick like a psaltery. They had no written music, had scarcely a vowel in the language, and yet, according to Josephus, had two hundred thousand musicians playing at the dedication of the Temple of Solomon. Mozart would have died in such a concert in the greatest agony.

Although in the present day there is a general tendency to ignore the fact that Christianity is the completion of Judaism, or, in other words, that the Catholic Church is but the procession from, and the logical sequence of, the ancient Jewish society, we may well keep it in memory, and at times learn from the existing practices of the Jews amongst us who have adhered to the traditions of their forefathers, what was the style of service in the church of old. As an important illustration of our meaning, we may notice the ceremonial observed last week at the laying of the foundation-stone of a new synagogue in the metropolis. The service was "fully choral." Psalms were chanted, and anthems were sung, to the beauty of which even the reporters were compelled to pay a tribute. And yet, in the face of this, many English Churchmen assert that the chanting of psalms and responses is an "innovation." Rather let them learn from the uninterrupted "use" of this ancient people that choral worship is as old as the psalms themselves, and that to refuse to join in it is to do violence to the concurrent testimony of Jews and Christians.—*Choir and Musical Record*.

Mr. Charles Lee, architect of Her Majesty's Theatre, communicates some details relating to the progress of that building. The works were commenced last June, and the theatre must be finished in time to be opened this week. The interior of the building is cleared of the scaffolding, the ceiling decorated, and the box-fronts fixed. The auditorium is smaller than that of the old house, the distance from the stage to the boxes opposite being shortened by ten feet. The stage, nearly double the area of its predecessor—seventy feet in height, and a clear space of ninety feet by fifty-two—is constructed in such a manner that the floor is moveable, and the scenery will be worked exclusively from above and below. There are four tiers of boxes, and one half tier, and the boxes are raised in height. Fire-proof staircases are constructed from top to bottom of the building, and the number of exits increased from four to nine. An innovation has been introduced in the "float," the flame from the burners being directed downwards at an angle of forty-five degrees, so that the heat may be conveyed through flues out of the house, and all danger obviated of the performers' dresses catching fire.

Mr. Gilmore is pushing forward his preparations for the Mammoth Boston Festival, which is to take place on the 15th, 16th, and 17th of June. He has decided to give a series of concerts subsequent to the grand Festival, and to these the holders of season tickets will be admitted. Among the heavy subscriptions in aid of the Festival are those of F. Skinner & Co. for 2,000 dollars; and Oliver Ditson, the Mason & Hamlin Organ Co., Chickering & Sons, M.M. Ballou of the St. James's Hotel, H. D. Parker & Co., of the Parker House, Lewis Rice & Sons of the American House, Bingham, Wrisley, & Co., of the Tremont and Revere Houses, Jordan, Marsh, & Co., Horatio Harris, and J. B. Booth, manager of the Boston Theatre, 1,000 dollars each. Mr. E. Tourjee, director of the New England Conservatory of Music, has been appointed to organize the mammoth chorus, and to him all choral organizations desirous of taking part in the Festival report.

Several bodies of singers in Ohio have signified their intention of taking part, and Hampden, Hampshire, and Franklin, the three counties comprising Western Massachusetts, are to furnish from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred vocalists. A class is at once to be formed in Boston for the Festival, and weekly rehearsals are to be had up to the time of holding the same.

The actors and actresses on the London stage, desirous of hearing one of Mr. Dickens's readings, but prevented by their avocations from attending evening entertainments, addressed a letter to Mr. Dickens, requesting him to give a morning performance. Mr. Dickens has replied as follows:—

"To the Ladies and Gentlemen, my correspondents, through Mr. Clarke.

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I beg to assure you that I am much gratified by the desire you do me the honour to express in your letter handed to me by Mr. John Clarke. Before that letter reached me I had heard of your wish, and had mentioned to Messrs. Chappell that it would be highly agreeable to me to anticipate it, if possible. They readily responded, and we agreed upon having three morning readings in London. As they are not yet publicly announced, I add a note of the days and subjects. Saturday, May 1.—'Boots at the Holly Tree Inn,' and 'Sikes and Nancy,' from *Oliver Twist*. Saturday, May 8.—'The Christmas Carol.' Saturday, May 22.—'Sikes and Nancy,' and 'The Trial,' from *Pickwick*. With the warmest interest in your art, believe me, always, faithfully your friend,

"CHARLES DICKENS.

"Gad's Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Wednesday, March 24, 1869."

According to our excellent contemporary, the *New York Musical Gazette*, American organ playing is in a bad way:—

"Organ playing, such as is heard in our churches, is in most instances, not what it ought to be. Shocking as may appear incapacity and vulgarity in all other branches of musical art, it is nothing compared with what we often meet at the hands of those who have to perform the musical part of a religious service. We are far from demanding, in all cases, adherence to what is called legitimate organ playing. It may not be in the power of all to play a fugue by Bach correctly, and with artistic spirit, and, for this reason, it must be considered a blessing that it is not often attempted; but if Bach, Handel, and the old English masters—if Mendelssohn, Hesse, Hauptmann, and others cannot be heard—let us at least be saved from Offenbach and similar composers in our churches. Let the mighty organ not be trampled upon by the exponents of the Muse of modern Vandals. Let us not hear marches, quick-steps, polkas, waltzes, and *potpourris*; and, above all things, let us be spared the affliction of so-called improvisations upon Italian opera melodies, ballads, and popular tunes. There must be a difference in the style of music heard within and outside churches, else some of the greatest works of our art have been written in vain. This is a simple truth, yet three-fourths of our organists act contrary to it; three-fourths play unmitigated trash, entirely opposed in spirit and in character to the sentiments promulgated in churches, and thus reflecting discredit not only upon themselves but upon the congregation and all the church officials."

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